

# LIGHT IN THE WEST.



"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. VI.

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SEE Mrs. S. C. Scovell's advertisement in another column. She has our endorsement, of which we will say more again.

## W. J. COLVILLE.

In a letter Mr. W. J. Colville permits us to announce, that he will be at St. Louis to lecture on Sunday and Monday, October 24th and 25th. He will speak in the morning and evening, and give answer to questions in the afternoon of Sunday and also on the following Monday evening.

Mr. Colville needs no introduction to readers on Spiritualism; to be able to announce that *he is coming* is enough. His work on the Pacific coast for the last four months is phenomenal; delivering eight to ten lectures a week, holding an interest among the people unabated to the end, the audiences being large. The closing services at San Francisco were held in Assembly Hall, the audience being over eight hundred. The Hall decorations were beautiful, and tastefully arranged.

The lecturer's subject was, "Behold I Make All Things New: A New Year; A New Heart; New Heavens and a New Earth."—The Resolutions adopted declare a very high appreciation of his work, and express an earnest desire that he will return, to be with them permanently in work.

Mr. Colville is now in San Diego, on an engagement for two weeks, and will be here as above indicated. He is due in Boston Friday the 29th, to be present at a reception tendered him there on that day.

Though his stay with us will be short, it will be the privilege of the local Associa-

tion here and all others who are interested in Spiritualism, either advanced or as investigators, to extend their efforts in making these meetings large, pleasant and profitable. A partial committee has already been appointed and the work of securing and preparing a large Hall will be entered into at once; due notice of, and the particulars of which will be given fully in our next two issues.

## SPIRITUALISM ALL PERVADING.

The basic principles of Christianity are Spiritualism; therefore, we assert and maintain that the *true* Christians are Spiritualists. Jesus Christ taught all that is claimed by Spiritualism to day.

The simple name Christian, as any one read in theology or history knows, applies to the followers of Jesus of Nazareth. Eighteen hundred years ago, we are told, a child was born to a humble couple, Mary and Joseph. This child, unlike other children of the same parents, had received the gift of mediumship, and through this gift declared the mystery of the workings of spirit; not only the grand fount of spirit, but the entity born of spirit, *viz.*: the spirit itself.

As the Christian claims Jesus of Nazareth as the Prophet of promise, so also we claim the Christ-principle as our faith. "Faith in God, where faith began, is only a faith in the great fountain of light and knowledge. God to one person is a Being like unto man; to another He is a mystic Being without an identity, save that of his own imagination."

To Spiritualists the word God is revered only as the name brings out the great power of nature, the essence of the life-force in nature as occurring every day. The blade of grass is as much God as any other object before us. We live only by the laws of nature; like every other feature of the universe we must die and re-

turn to the elements. It is erroneous to suppose that Spiritualism is at war with the Christianity as taught by Christ. Far from it; Spiritualism was born again, and more fully sensitized to the world in the revival, through the mediumship of him who was called Holy One, on account of this unknown and mysterious power, wielded by and through him. The professors of Christianity to-day are waging a senseless war against the very thing that would help them to uphold the power of Jesus; not as expounded by theologians, but as taught by the inspirational writers of the past. Christ arose from the dead,—an example of the power of spirits to materialize. Moses and Elias returned; if there had been a great gulf between the living and dead, they had no more power to cross it then than we have at the present time. Their coming back at the wish of their medium, Jesus, proves that there is a method of communication with the dead. The law forbidding the witch, or medium, of Endor to call up the spirit of Samuel was only an arbitrary law, like we have in some states at present—compelling mediums to pay fines for exercising their gifts of healing, many times imprisoning them for disobeying the mandate.

The Catholic church is largely controlled by spirit power. The priests understand the laws governing spirit return, and gain their most abstruse theories from spirit control; but they are also crafty enough to keep this knowledge to themselves, and by pretended miracle, as of old, raise the dead, annoint the sick and heal them by prayer. If it were not for the Spiritualism of the Catholic priests their church to day would be less than nothing, if possible, in the sight of her devotees.

Methodists form a circle around the mourner's bench,—for what purpose? Simply that the positive and negative elements may be equalized; and unless they



succeed in that object there are no converts that night.

Baptists have an experience meeting; their members in semi or complete trance tell what they have experienced, and after talking awhile wonder what they have said to attract so much attention. Many times the dullest member in the church can talk the best, and give utterance to the greatest depth of thought; and their friends wonder why it is that brother A. or sister B. is so stupid in ordinary conversation, while in "meeting" they are shining lights. Why, indeed! because brother A. is an undeveloped medium, and when under the influence of positive and negative forces he can be, and is, controlled by those who have passed within the veil.

In going back to the dim vistas of the past we are confronted on all sides by the doctrine and truth of Spiritualism. All we need to do at the present is to investigate the truth of spirit return and we will be convinced. After investigating what is commonly called Modern Spiritualism, we may take up the religions of the past, present, and what Christians claim for the future; and it will be seen, that there is not one book on the different ways to heaven or hell which does not teach more or less of Spiritualism.

The Materialist bars out our faith with the assertion, that there is no future life; but the Christian accepts it in accepting his own Bible. As well try to unite oil and water as Spiritualism and Materialism as faiths, for they are diametrically opposed to each other; Spiritualists and Materialists can be friends, but united, never.

The two faiths that could be reconciled, Spiritualism and Christianity, are held apart by the prejudice of the latter. The idea most predominant with them is, that we wish to do away with their religion; that is the least of our thought. We only wish them to get a true understanding of that book which means so much to them. We want them not to assume that all spirit return perished at the death of Jesus, or soon after; for his own return, being seen by the women and the disciples, should prove to the Christian the fact of materialization. That his body was substantial is proved by the request of Thomas, that he might feel the print of the nails in his Master's hands, and the spear thrust in his side.

Then, must we be like this "doubting" one, and when our dear ones come say to them, I will not believe? No; rather let

us welcome them in any way in which they may see fit to come.

### PROGRESS.

LIGHT IN THE WEST since its first issue has been a growing paper in many ways, and last week was the first week that it was "behind time," the reasons for which were therein given. It has been our purpose for some time to state, that fifty issues would constitute one annual volume; this will leave us one week off during the "holidays," and another week during the year. October fourth to ninth being the week of the fair and various carnivals in St. Louis, we have decided to date this paper for the second and ninth issues. This arrangement will give all our readers full benefit and all hands a few days "off time" for the Fair.

We thank our readers for all their kind words and work, and our writers for all their productions in behalf of the paper and the cause of truth. This brings us to say a few words more of a personal nature, so that those who can not call in to see us may know a little of the place from whence LIGHT IN THE WEST is sent. Four of our family have learned the printers' trade, and we are capable of doing everything connected with making a journal, from sweeping out the printing office up to writing matter for its columns, of less or more worth as the occasion seems to require, from time to time, from all of which (except the sweeping) we give a sample every week. While we know it might be better—yes, there is great room for improvement—and we do not boast, yet we are not ashamed of our work. Up to the present time we have had a printing office that cost over \$4000,—not all used in this paper, of course, but all that is needed for it—still we had no press, till this week at a cost of over \$4000 we have concluded the purchase of two other printing offices, which includes three job presses, a large cylinder press, engines, cutters, binders, and a large amount of nearly new type, the material needed for a good paper and book publishing house when we get it together, all of which, so far as needed, we will use to make this paper creditable. We only need now an electric, automatic, self-adjustable thinking machine, and a paper mill to make LIGHT IN THE WEST outfit complete, so it will run itself without any money.

The subscription price is low—too low were we otherwise situated, and so we are advised by dozens of friends, who say they

would cheerfully pay double the price if we will raise it, but at present we will not do so. For further information on this point see "A Committee of One," in another column. One friend gives as a reason why we should raise it that in our time and country very many of the people, especially the fashionable and rich ones, will not appreciate its value unless it costs them a good price. All such we can only pity, but will not on their account be swerved from that part of our mission, which is teach worldlings by *example*, as well as by precept, how to conquer their selfishness and silly pride. We cannot afford to pander to such epicurean mental appetites while thousands of others whose souls are hungry must go away empty, wanting the spiritual food that we might be able to furnish, and which would enable them to get up higher in wisdom, and purity of heart. No grander words were ever uttered than those by him who personated the *most perfect* of all characters—Jesus of Nazareth—when as part of that message which he sent to John he said, "And to the poor the gospel is preached."

For Light in the West.

### "SHADOWY" SPRAY FROM BOSTON.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

Miss Helen Berry, the elder of the Berry sisters, has arranged to live in Philadelphia this fall and winter; she is a well known materializing medium, the junior of her younger sister in that phase. The younger, known as Gertrude, will continue to give seances at 55 Rutland street, and George T. Albro will be the manager of them as heretofore; that will insure continued popularity. I was always sorry when Miss Helen relinquished her remarkable test seances for the more profitable and popular one of materialization. I suppose the main chance has an influence perhaps on both sides of life, and it may have been disappointing for Helen to see only five or six present on her night to witness her manifestations; while on Gertrude's nights for materialization the seance was more than full. Then the intelligent "power behind the throne" adapted the supply to the demand, so that the sisters should have equal honors, and Helen became a materializing medium. The sisters could thus alternate and so have quite a number of seances a week without over-taxing either. I was always sorry to lose Helen as a medium for tests, for she was one of the few remarkable ones. I understand that has been



the feature which has attracted her to Philadelphia. Professor Hare, son of the ancient well known scientist, Robert Hare, who of late years has taken a great interest in Modern Spiritualism, has had all last season and all this season at Onset daily private seances with her. He has made the matter a careful study and given her phenomena a close investigation.

Miss Helen began her public manifestations by giving dark circles, where were many written tests given, and movements of a very extraordinary character; for instance, I have been lifted chair and all from the floor and placed seated on the table, by an invisible, intelligent power, every hand clasped in the room including the medium's and the doors locked. But there were many other interesting phenomena. I am not intending to give a detailed account of them, but it seems a fitting opportunity to relate an experience with her, which is one of the illuminated ones in my memory.

Many years ago Seth E. Brown occupied the same office with me in the old State House; he was not a Spiritualist but began to manifest some interest in the subject, because I was one, and he saw many prominent ones who from time to time visited me. He often listened with interest to our conversation, and began to wish it was true—often said he wished that he had had the proof that I had. He went to mediums once or twice, as I would learn, and said he was not feeling well and he guessed there was something in magnetism and Indian healing. His family had an aversion to Spiritualism, so he feared to identify himself with it; yet he respected it and almost wanted to be one. I never tried to convert any one, but I dare say my respectability and the sincerity of my convictions acted upon him psychologically, so that he very likely felt as Agrippa did under the preaching of Paul, when he said: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Brown almost always ended our colloquies with something like this: "Well, John, we shall know some day," referring to death, "if I die before you do, I'll come and rap and let you know that you were right." I would generally say: "I'll do the same," adding, "you will be sure to find it as I say when you wake up, after this life's fitful fever is over." This closing remark was a very usual one. I do not overstate it when I say he must have said it over fifty times during the last year we were together, and about every chat we had

afterwards for some months when he was in Roger's building and I in Monk's, as we had all to leave the old State House, which is now used for historical purposes by the city. He suddenly died of apoplexy at his new office a few months after our removal.

Several months after his death I was present at one of Miss Helen Berry's seances. I went with my friends Hammond and Arnold who live in Rhode Island. Including the medium there were about twenty persons seated around the extension table. The first named, an entire stranger to the medium, got some very remarkable tests on this occasion, the latter got some, but not so many or so good. I am not proposing to lengthen this article by descriptions in detail, I only mention these facts for the sake of the surroundings and the better to present the Seth E. Brown incident, which I have spoken of as an illuminated one in my memory.

I was sitting, on this occasion, at the table by the side of Helen and had my left hand on hers and my friend H. sat the other side of her attending to her left hand. All the hands around the table were joined, none were at liberty; that fact was absolutely certain; but that was hardly necessary for it was a very honest circle, and besides I was acquainted with four-fifths of them, and know positively that there was no collusion. During the manifestations, some fingers appeared, manipulating my hair and head, even treating it a little roughly; and it could not have been a mortal hand, for they were all joined. I asked if this was Hattie, and the heavy hand said *no*, by a tolerably hard thump. Then I called the names of my relatives and familiars who had joined the silent majority and got a thump for no to each. I had about run through the names of all that I could think of and began to be at a loss, when I happened to think of my friend Seth E. Brown and before I uttered it, I had three hard raps on my head meaning *yes*. I do not know why I had not thought of him before, but one thing was very certain: as soon as I did think of him the spirit knew it and said *yes* in the tapping way before I uttered the name. Nevertheless I did say, "Then this is Seth?" and I got in response three hard punches on my back that actually made it almost sore. I had then some *yes* and no responses that proved his probable presence, but the nub of the incident was this: While sitting

in the dark and while these various physical manifestations were going on, there were several messages written for different parties in the room and when the gas was lighted the messages were before or near the parties for whom they were for, and before me was a message from Brown which read:

"John, I believe it now. Seth."

It was, you see, a very short message, but it told the story. He came as he promised, and let me know that I was right. I have made many agreements of this kind with departing persons, they agreeing to return and let me know if they were still alive; but Brown is about the only one who has kept his word. I have no fault to find with the others; there may be obstacles and disabilities of which we know nothing—but this return of Brown was unmistakable.

Some months after this Seth E. Brown communicated at the *Banner* circle, a perfectly characteristic letter, containing many points for identification, and I am as sure it came from him as I am of any correspondent who writes to me. I consider the *Banner* fortunate in having so good a medium for the spirits to use. I am as sure that the medium didn't know Mr. Brown and that she had never heard of him or know that I ever knew such a person, as I am of anything in the world; and I consider it palpable proof that the message came from a spirit and the points in the letter and his reference to me in it identifies the spirit to be Seth E. Brown. There are passages in this message that refer to the fact of which I stated at length. It is hardly worth while to quote them, but I will make one short extract that will show I have a personal interest in the communication, which is thus:

"I would like to send a word to one friend and say to him: John, you were right. You were perfectly right in your conclusions concerning Spiritualism, and the state of man after the death of the body. I endorse all that you said to me and what you have said to others."

To me this message in connection and reference to the seance of which I have spoken at Miss Helen Berry's is of great interest; it refers to *ante mortem* conferences together of which I have spoken and now he in the experience of spirit life endorses my conclusions and the assertions I made, based on my experience, and I should think the readers generally would feel also the same certainty that I do. What motive could I possibly have for such assurance as I manifest unless I know what I am talking about? and it



seems to me so positive a voice from spirit world should be a clincher. This is not the only message that I had through Miss Shelhamer at the *Banner* circles. I have had three or four remarkable ones and I consider the "message department" the most interesting and valuable page in that well managed paper, which I see is in its thirtieth year and I should say the same if I were in the habit of writing for it. The fact of having Fanny Conant for over a score of years as the Pythoness where the "gates are ajar," and Miss Shelhamer to fill the place since, who seems to have had the mantle of the "world's medium" fall upon her, makes the department a valuable feature in the paper where one can feel it to be honest, as I certainly do for cause.

For Light in the West.

### CLEAR THE WAY.

BY V. C. TAYLOR.

The first step, in erecting a building, is to clear off the rubbish, preparatory to laying the foundation for the new edifice. Precisely the same course must be pursued in the work of Spiritual propagandism. No person holding a belief is going to abandon it until dissatisfied with it, from an exposure of its inherent discrepancies and falsities. Herein is the cardinal need of Spiritualism to-day. It has been so accustomed to stand and be pelted with the brickbats of sectarian malignity, that now, in the vigor and manhood of its ascendancy, it fails to avail itself of the prerogative of self-defence, and still stands the meek target of a system of ethics so inherently rotten, that, but for the mercy of forbearance in assailing it would fall, a heap of unsightly, disgusting ruins. Ingersoll, more than anyone else has killed the "devil," put out the fires of "hell"—past reclaiming; still, the "Savior" is held to, who by his "blood" saves sinners—from *what*? Not from "hell," for you may go from church to church for a month of Sundays and you will not hear a whisper about such a place. Why? because the enlightenment and intelligence of the age repudiates with scorn the assumption of such a thing. The next step should be to relegate the "trinity" and "atonement" to the dust and silence of oblivion; then the field will be clear for the substitution of the Spiritual philosophy, for orienting mankind and setting its face on the flowery pathway of progress, harmony and millennial beatification.

It is a fatal error to suppose that any

good is subserved, by timidly blinking the monstrous falsities of orthodoxy, in those points diametrically opposed to the clear, explicit inculcations of the philosophy of Spiritualism.

If it is true, that every spirit upon entering the spirit world receives its exact deserts, in accordance with the demands of inexorable justice—if it is true, that, to everyone is meted out according to what it has *earned*, there is no room, nor need, in heaven's jurisprudence for any such fabricated scheme as a "vicarious atonement." Besides this far-fetched, ill-begotten and misshaped doctrine of the "atonement," is its abhorrent, diabolical counterpart in the New Testament—the "doctrine of election." True, pulpitanians are ashamed of it and "fight shy" of it, but it is *there*, "all the same," and what does it amount to? In animus, it is so atrocious it ought to be blown out of existence with dynamite; but in effect, it is only a piece of thrasonical vamping. "Whom he did *foreknow*, him he did *predestinate*." Readers, you and I can be equally smart. Just let us know to a "dead certainty" that it will rain to-morrow, and we can "predestinate" it as easily as water runs down hill. Alas! alas! the amount of paper and ink that has been squandered by theologians in trying to clear this Stygian pool of its foul, mephitic vapors, and alas! the horror and nightmare it has engendered in the souls of poor credulous beings who have trembled with fear and despair, lest their names were not on the list of the "favorites," who were to be saved, *volens volens*, no matter how much devilry they committed or *didn't* commit; for there are no requirements appended, that the subjects of this most just and impartial (?) edict shall be pure and righteous,—it is simply, "*whom he did foreknow*."

Let us next "interview" an old fashioned, Calvinistic "Revival."

"The devil goes about seeking whom he may devour," says orthodoxy.

What was this devil originally?

"An Angel of light, whose seat was at the very elbow of the Almighty."

Where?

"In heaven, of course."

What kind of a place is heaven?

"A place of perfect holiness; where sin and temptation can not exist."

Yes; well why isn't the devil there to-day?

"O! he became inflated with ambition and pride, and yielding to the seductive

temptation of becoming equal to God, he sinned and fell, and was cast out into hell."

Became "inflated with ambition and pride," in heaven—a "place of perfect holiness"?—what will prevent any of the "blood-bought" subjects of your "atonement" from "sinning and falling," too, when they get there?

"You are a Tom Paine infidel! and I won't talk with you!"

So much, by way of historical preface, to determine the character of one of the *dramatis personae*, who is supposed to figure prominently when a "revival" is going on, as this sort of performance endangers a falling-off of toll, in the way of souls to adorn (?) the infernal regions.

Fifty-five years ago the writer was witness to an old-fashioned New England revival, which came on in the dead of winter,—the Lord being more at leisure then, than when business is brisk with the citizens of earth, in the working parts of the year. The *modus operandi* of a revival is explained something after the following manner:—

The Holy Ghost, [an omnipresent *third part* of the Trinity, and at the same time the *whole*,] comes *near*, and pours himself out, [reader, pray don't think now, of your good old Grandma pouring tea out of a tea-pot,] into the hearts of sinners, when, directly, a spiritual effervescence ensues, somewhat akin to that of mixing sedlitz powders; when the excitement begins and works up to full pressure. Now you will hear individuals get up and confess themselves thieves, scoundrels, monsters in iniquity,—(which no doubt is *true*, to the letter, but which it would be unhealthy for any one *else* to charge them with, unless, considerably the superior of the self confessed-culprit in weight and muscle), and if they were to receive their deserts, they would that moment be roasting in hell, etc., etc. Do not forget that this "Holy Ghost" which is omnipresent as space itself "comes *near*," all of which may be very plain to an orthodox understanding, but which, when it penetrates the obtuse comprehension of the subscriber, he hopes to be smart enough to determine the effect that would ensue, when an *irresistible* body comes in contact with an *immovable* one.

Weeks go on, and finally the excitement begins to subside, and what is it chargeable to, by the head-engineer who has been prodding on the programme? He gravely tells those who have been



agonizing over the excitement—all through its run—that the “devil has come in and tempted them, and that they have grieved the Spirit away.” Now, should this Shepherd in Israel be asked whether the devil can do what he pleases, without let or hindrance, he would answer: “No! he can only do what he is *permitted* to do!” Very well, the “Holy Spirit” that has incited this revival is a *third part* God, and at the same time, in *entirety*: and according to orthodox assumption, he plants himself on one side of a sinner, in time of a revival and pulls *one* way, while he *permits* the devil to come up on the off side and pull him the *other*. Could the fortune of Vanderbilt, or the four hundred millions in the national treasury be offered as a bonus, to any one to concoct a more cranky, ridiculous, outlandish theory than this,—does any one for a moment think it could be equaled? I trow not: and yet, the sketch we have given is no exaggerated or overdrawn picture; but is a fair, faithful delineation of facts as they exist, as an integral part of the old Calvinistic creeds.

And, in the face of such a state of things, how, we ask of all candid, thoughtful Spiritualists, can we expect either the facts or philosophy of Spiritualism to be disseminated, while this incubus of error is prevalent in the land? Is it supposed that these Bartimeuses of Calvinistic craft are going, voluntarily to take up the spiritual philosophy and collate it, with the effete, rotten dogmas of old theology? They will do nothing of the kind until they are first *dissatisfied* with what they now hold to: and this will not be until those of higher, broader enlightenment, take the initiation as iconoclasts, to demolish their musty, though cherished errors. Leaving out of view the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism, does any one suppose that its beautiful philosophy would have obtained the footing it has, had not R. G. Ingersoll, with his Thor’s club of wit and eloquence, gone through the land, like another John the Baptist, proclaiming the falsity of old theology, and placing the Bible on only a secular basis—where it belongs?

When churches are languishing and declining, and when clergymen are dazed, confused and hesitating, at the general disintegration of ecclesiastical unity, and the luke-warm attitude of those hitherto accounted as *pillars*, in the support of antiquated institutions, it is surely no

time for true Spiritualists to supinely fold their arms, and be content to go no faster than the tide of public opinion carries them. If missionary work is a condition of progress in the spirit-world, to the spirit on whom the work is incumbent, the law being alike in both worlds, we are bound by the same obligation here no less than there, to do our duty, in the great work of progress.

#### TRUE BRAVERY.

Some would say, that to stand unflinchingly amid the roar of cannon, the shriek of the minie-ball and the rattle of artillery, or meeting a hated antagonist in an unprovoked duel, is true bravery; and, as the world goes, it is. But there are other things, other actions, before which these would pall as does the moon before the morning sun. Dogged, physical bravery is one thing: moral and intellectual bravery another.

The bull dog is physically brave, and loves to tear, to destroy, its antagonist; but what *man* would wish to be likened to a bull dog? Yet he who goes to war, or to fight a duel, is presumed to be imbued with the same spirit. True, he does not tear the flesh of his fellow with his teeth, but he accomplishes the same thing in a more deadly manner,—he uses the cannon, the minie-ball, the gattling gun, and *scientifically* mows down his fellow beings by the thousand. And after the struggle the battle-ground presents a scene of bloody carnage that pales the cheek and sickens the heart of the most stolid beholder,—and what has done all this? Why, bravery on the battle-field.

And so with the duelist. If he is what the world calls brave he stealthily steals away without the knowledge of either wife or child; for they might take means to prevent the meeting, and then the world might sneer and say: “It was done on purpose,” and he couldn’t stand *that*. So the physically brave man goes and gets killed. His wife has lost her husband and protector, his children their father and support,—but then the world says: “He was a brave man,” and that is certainly a comfort (?) to the widow, and a fatherly protection to the orphan. No account is taken of the fact that he goes to trial, before the tribunal of his conscience, for the crime of murder.

Not until man throws off the brute in tastes and instincts will he be truly brave. Nineteen centuries have passed since a lesson of true bravery was given to the

world, in the death of the man Jesus, who died for a principle, unwavering to the end. So have others, in all ages endured lives of martyrdom, held up to public scorn for being known to entertain principles antagonistic to popular beliefs, finally, if escaping a violent death, going down to the grave so unhonored, that few would dare to follow them to their last resting place. These martyrs to principle are truly brave, and their moral courage will be rewarded,—it will follow them into the other world, and there shine as stars in the firmament. B.

For Light in the West.

#### THE HOUSEHOLD DANGER.

BY LEWIS OLIVER.

##### PART II.

Who down the ages waited long,  
Waited and watched; repined not  
A help to be unto the strong  
Though burthen’d with her own lot.

But mourn’d with man, with man was glad,  
And dress’d the vineyard with him,  
Feeling, the while, the earth a sad  
And woeful place to live in.

But now that brighter days doth dawn  
For him, whose serf she hath been,  
Now that the night of slavery’s gone,  
And freedom’s sun doth shine in,  
Why not illumine her sorrowing way,—  
The thorny path she’s trodden,  
With liberty’s bright cheering ray?  
Which erst has been forbidden.

Still man holds to his perverse way:  
Even in *this* vaunted nation  
The lower makes the law to sway  
The higher of creation.

No “equal rights” the republic knows;  
Still woman vainly chides you,  
“My sons, my sons! come not to blows;  
I’ll inform your Father of you.”\*

So goeth she to God in prayer,  
As she was ever given,  
Thinking to find some mercy there,  
Some justice up in heaven.

But the stars look down brilliant and cold,  
They cannot tell where He is:  
They twinkle still adown the wold,  
But never whisper, here is  
The far-off One to whom you vow  
Your lives are consecrated—  
Those lives which made for heav’n, now  
Are by man desecrated.

The moon shines too with calmest beam,  
Upon those brows uplifted,—  
Upon those eyes with tears astream,  
Those clasp’d hands finger-rifted.

Though moon and stars and sun shine on,  
And God seems ne’er to hearken,  
A sister-spirit fits upon  
The scene, as all rays darken.



She breatheth in the distrain'd ear,  
In words that do not falter,  
"The Infinite thy cry doth hear,  
But His wise laws never alter.

"If madest weak, *achieve* thy strength;  
Thine equal right believe in,  
And seek at last and find at length,  
No spot on earth to grieve in.

"The nation's House is thy true home;  
Its throne thy rightful altar:  
Up! and with brave hearts speed and come,  
Each mother, sister, daughter.

"Bearing thyself as nature's queen;  
Moresovereign than the men are,  
Thou standest ever high between  
The angel-host and them, there,

"And pleading with thy mother-love,  
Or with a daughter's filial—  
Who knoweth a father's heart to move—  
Or a sister's sweet, fraternal.

"Thou provest thus a great high-priest,  
Man's intuitive savior,  
Who will stand near thee at last,  
Transfigured in God's favor."

\* Woman abhors war and instituted a Peace Congress.

### ISOLETHE.

BY JESSIE WANNALL LEE.

#### CHAPTER II.

Two years have passed since the Reverend Herbert Clare was called to the small and aristocratic parish of Oakland. A man not more than thirty, grave and gentle among his people, in his pulpit impassioned and eloquent, always earnest, never idle, living the true, Christian life of usefulness. A man who had known trials, and carried the prophesy of a great sorrow in his face, the shadow of which had already fallen upon him. Of rare attainments, and erudite: but unostentatious, and retiring,—a man unusually beloved, and revered.

One of Mr. Clare's first duties had been to officiate at the funeral of Mrs. Stanley: an office performed with so much tenderness and feeling, that it had endeared him at once to the hearts of his parishioners. To the two orphan girls at Oakland Hall he had indeed proved a wise counsellor and friend, and Isolethe Stanley, with all her pride of spirit, and self reliance, had learned to depend more than she was aware of upon his judgment and advice. Matrimonial speculations had never profaned the sacred precincts of that home where Herbert Clare was always warmly welcomed. The minister's grave reticence of manner, and Isolethe's quiet, matronly dignity, with which the responsibility of her young sister's guardianship invested her, rendered idle conjecture impossible.

But Herbert Clare was not insensible to the influences which surrounded him there. Miriam, with her sweet and sunny child nature, interested and amused him. Graceful, bright, and unresting, she flitted through the old halls of her happy home, with the abandon of a bird, trilling her songs out upon the air, roving from pleasure to pleasure all day long: never a shadow had dimmed the light in her eyes, never a disappointment stained a rose leaf of her life. The world seemed made for her alone, and all its blisses were poured at her feet.

But the watchful eye of love is omniscient. Softly as autumnal shadows drop their mystic veil over the glorious bloom of summer, fell the cloud of some hidden pain upon the bright spirit of beautiful Miriam Stanley. Only Isolethe had noticed it, and vainly strove to trace it to its source. Miriam shrank from her sister's observation, and evaded all her affectionate inquiries. But the songs died upon her lips, and her happy laughter rippled out no longer with the music that Isolethe loved. From the sweet seriousness that had grown upon her was born the grace of a new dignity, which made her less childish,—more womanly. Her moods were changing as April skies, swaying her alternately to smiles and tears.

One evening Isolethe, buried in reverie, sat at the piano improvising, as was her habit, some mournful melody, through which the theme *Robert toi que faim*e throbbed like a pulse of pain, when Miriam suddenly threw her arms around her with passionate emotion, and sobbed: "Do not, Isolethe,—I cannot bear it! It hurts me, sister, hurts me here!" pressing her hands upon her bosom, that was beating violently.

"You are not well, darling; your hands are hot, and your cheek is burning. Tell me, my pet, what is troubling you? It makes me very unhappy to see you so, my little Miriam!" pleaded Isolethe, in alarm. But to all her questioning there was no reply save sobs, that pierced the loving heart upon which she leaned. Later, when she sank into a troubled sleep, the revelation came to Isolethe; only a few incoherent sentences, mingled with the name of Herbert Clare.

For an instant Isolethe's senses seemed to leave her, as the truth was revealed to her that Miriam, her gay, light hearted Miriam, loved Herbert Clare. The old desolation of her childhood surged back upon her soul, and the incoherent moans

of her sister smote her sick ears with an agony like death. For the first time she realized the fearful sacrifice involved in the promise to her dying mother. "Oh God!" she cried, "at what a cost! At what a bitter cost!" For in her heart she knew that from the hour when she stood beside her mother's grave, stricken down with her first great sorrow, and Herbert Clare's comforting words had fallen like balm upon her bruised spirit—that life had changed for her, and she loved him! But he could be nothing to her now, nothing! And she had been so happy with this beautiful dream folded away in her silent heart, and her life was full of sweetness: now, she must go back to the old desolate life again and try to forget. What mockery! As if love ever could forget! Miriam clung to her and loved her, in her pretty, childish fashion; but it was not the love her deeper nature craved. Her affection was a brittle, sparkling toy, her heart's best gift, sweet and sunny, but unsatisfying. Isolethe missed the full rich gladness so freely multiplied into other lives; hers was incomplete, defrauded of its noblest possibilities. That gladness might be hers as Herbert Clare's wife if he loved her. If he loved her? she never doubted it. It trembled in every tone of his voice. It thrilled through every pressure of his hand when he greeted her. He had not spoken it; there was no need, for love knows its own.

Yes, she loved him! but she could never be his wife, with Miriam's fair young face ever between them.

(Continued.)

### SLATE WRITING.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

The best specimen of independent state writing, came under my observation in 1884 in St. Louis. There were two windows fronting on Locust street, through which the hot summer sun poured bright rays of light, when we sat down to a table between the two windows. The slates were new, having been bought for the occasion. Taking the two slates in my left hand and laying them on my right arm which was resting on the table with the left arm of the medium, they were grasped also by the medium's right hand.

Soon we heard writing, and in half the time it would take a fast writer to cover the slate, a communication was given, close neatly written, and covering one side of the slate completely, signed: "Bishop Amitage of Wisconsin." Does any one



know of such a person?

Grasping the slate and thus holding it in front of me, there was no possible chance for fraud. Such tests to me are of the greatest value and while I have had them given on slate held under the table and in various ways, none are so satisfactory as the above. We undoubtedly have some excellent mediums in St. Louis, who, if they would let their light shine, could do a vast amount of good. There are thousands who would gladly pay to witness such manifestations and receive communications from loved ones gone before.

I think, Mr. Editor, we ought to try and maintain a free circle like the *Banner of Light*, not to publish all communications, but for the good it may do. M. S. B.

### THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,  
Of the old colonial time,  
May be found in prose the legend  
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,  
And the keen and frosty airs,  
That filled her sails at parting,  
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure"—  
Thus prayed the old divine—  
"To bury our friends in the ocean,  
Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered,  
And under his breath said he,  
"This ship is so crank and walty  
I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,  
When the winter months were gone,  
Brought no tidings of this vessel  
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying  
That the Lord would let them hear  
What in his greater wisdom  
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered:—  
It was in the month of June,  
An hour before the sunset  
Of a windy afternoon,

When steadily steering landward,  
A ship was seen below,  
And they knew it was Lamberton Master,  
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came with a cloud of canvas,  
Right against the wind that blew,  
Until the eye could distinguish  
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,  
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,  
And her sails were loosened and lifted,  
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,  
Fell slowly one by one,  
And the hulk dilated and vanished,  
As a sea—mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel  
Each said unto his friend,  
That this was the mould of their vessel  
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village  
Gave thanks to God in prayer,  
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,  
He had sent this Ship of Air.  
—Longfellow.

For Light in the West.

### JESUS.

We find in the accounts of the life of Jesus, in the different gospels, a strain of great tenderness, and sympathy, on his part for the woes and sufferings of others. And while we do not accord to Him divine attributes, still, we see in his character much that is beautiful and worthy of emulation. We suppose the orthodox Christian would call that "very faint praise" to offer the "Son of God," by one of His creatures, but, we take the account as we we find it, and we find more than one portrayal of His character and teachings, that show great imperfection, and short sightedness on his part, to say the least. Take for example where He cursed the fig tree because it did not bear fruit; Mark 11-21st. And where He said, "If any man hate not his father or mother, he cannot be my disciple," Luke 14-25. And many other sayings that are either impossible, impracticable, or positively unnatural and unworthy of a great moral teacher, much less, a God, showing conclusively that with all the helps of the superstitions of those times, to build up a perfect structure, on which to found an incarnated deity, still these glaring defects, against him, as a perfect character come to light. We find the same old dogma or idea so prominent in the old Bible still extant; That anything God said, or did, must of a consequence be perfect, and unassailable. But the "times and seasons," have not only changed, but mens reasons have come to the front, and they not only question *all below them* but *all above them*; and while in the past the gods were supposed to judge man, the scales have now turned and man is in turn judging the gods. And whether they be of wood or stone or brass or flesh, the judgment will go on, all the same; and whatever God cannot come up to the standard of mans highest conception of a God, will have to stand aside as such.

But when we come to look at the character of Jesus as a man, we most gladly award to him an excellence that has seldom if ever, been attained, by any other prior to his day, or perhaps since. We know great stress has been put upon his "dying for sinners," and if He thought so, (which we do not believe) we ask, are there not thousands of noble men and women to-day, that if they were told that the happiness or misery of the world for all eternity, depended on their giving up their life, that would do it joyfully? Yes, we know there are, and that too without the assistance of any divine nature that Jesus was supposed to have. We knew personally the immortal Lovejoy who lost his life, protecting a press

from a mob, which press involved a principle, and we heard him say not two hours before his death, "that if it was necessary to lay down his life for that principle (the freedom of the press and the slave) he was ready to do so, and he did. We know another man who became so discouraged trying to support his family but failing time and again not through any fault of his own, but his was one of those cases where every thing went against him, and finally he deliberately insured his life for the benefit of his family telling the insurance company he intended to commit suicide and by that means provide for his family; and he did. These are heroic deeds, and while we may question the policy, still the heroism and self abnegation stand out none the less, and showing that human nature after all has some redeeming qualities and not so utterly wicked as old theology would have us think. Take the mother; for her darling child will she brave death to save her offspring, who can doubt it; even the animal creation is endowed with the same spirit.

We cannot but admire that self abnegating spirit wherever we find it. And in the case of Jesus, His sympathetic soul seemed to reach out into every channel, wherever there was, not only injustice and wrong, but suffering of any kind, and if there was any one sin He was particularly severe upon, it was self righteousness, self laudation. And when Pilate said to Him, "Art thou the Christ," he merely answered, "ye say that I am." The fact is, the whole superstructure of the whole plan of salvation through the *blood of Christ* is a fallacy, and untenable either in morals, justice or common sense, and when you place the God of this universe in the attitude of patching up his broken laws, through the instrumentality of a virgin, it is too absurd and cannot bear the light of the nineteenth century.

We don't want titulary gods, the world has been cursed by them long enough. We want either a God that is fully up to our highest conceptions of what a God should be, or we want no God at all. A God that gave out such commandments as did the God of the Hebrews would if living rank little higher than the "cow boy" of Texas, nor did He seem to have any more regard for human life, or any higher sense of justice. Such gods are demoralizing instead of inspiring and human nature has enough to contend with and hold it back, without having to drag its gods up to its standard.

The God of the Hebrews must have been a very ignorant God as well as depraved, for He seems to have known nothing about geology or astronomy, and yet it seems when He wanted to wreak his vengeance on any person or thing, He could use the elements for that purpose without stint or compunction. Let us hereafter worship principles and not personalities, and if we find at any time in the far distant future a God embodying these principles there will be no trouble in calling him, "Abba Father." All you want is to do *right* as between yourself and your fellow man and God will take care of himself. Nor will He be mad if you pray to him only when you want something real bad, for He is *too busy* to listen to palavers with nothing in them. But when a poor sin sick soul in great distress cries out to him, He is all ears, all attention from every part of this vast universe.

Go about your business, have "charity for all enmity for none." Do the best you can, love your father and mother, brothers and sisters, wife and children, and all mankind and God will love you. B.



# Inspirational.

MRS. ELIZA YEATMAN SMITH departed this life and entered spirit life October second, 1886, from her home at 211 Kraus street, South Saint Louis. The funeral took place from her residence at ten o'clock, October fifth, and the body was laid to rest in Evangelic Lutheran Cemetary, south of Carondelet, where she ten years ago requested, that her body should be laid beside one of her little scholar friends.

Mrs. Smith was born in England, near London, October 26th, 1801. She came to America, arriving in Boston, December 17th, 1843, and came to St. Louis in July, 1856.

Her friends were many and their tokens of love—wreaths, boquets, pillows and baskets of flowers—were beautiful beyond description. The grave was strewn with flowers, and friends lingered there after the beautiful and touching ceremony was ended. Then a lady who had been much with Mrs. Smith in her last illness, a friend and companion for many years, requested the friends who were present to unite with her in a short prayer; with a few words fitly spoken they sorrowfully left the place.

Mrs. Smith was a woman with a well trained and educated mind and a strong will power. The body was worn out from eighty-five years of toil. The soul seemed to burst its environment and the body, like a broken alabaster vase, yielded up the spirit to a higher life, shedding the precious ointment of her good words and works, which shall live fragrant in hearts made purer and minds better trained by her teaching.

The charitable deeds of this dear woman will be remembered by many. The poor and hungry never left her door unprovided for, so far as she was able to do it. This was done quietly, and of these works how well it may be said, that her left hand never knew

what her right hand did. Her aversion to laudation or empty show is fully seen in the following quotation from a letter of "requests" to her friends, written shortly before her death, in which she says: "I request them not to exhibit my corpse to children and chronic sight seekers, but pay me the respect of quietness and solemnity which the great change must produce on thoughtful minds." "Let the pallbearers be steady, serious men—go to no extra expense for flowers." Her life has been that of a teacher in private schools of her own organization, and many here can look back to schooldays spent under her instruction. She gave music lessons until only three months ago, and then for the first time said, she felt that her work was done.

Mrs. Smith was an inspirational medium, the pen-hand being completely controlled by her spirit guides. No one could talk with her and not feel that they were in the presence of a superior intelligence. Her guides were of the same high order, and her writings need no commendation from us; because that in our columns under the heading of *Inspirational* and over the initials *Y.E.S.* from week to week we have given inspirational writings from the pen held by this noble woman. She gave us a large book of these and other MSS. to be published at our discretion for the benefit of all those who will read and think on the subjects treated. Her lessons of instruction are true to believe and her words of advice safe to receive. Her works will follow her.

SUDDENLY, a light,—and a rushing presence,—and a consciousness of something near me,—  
I trembled, and listened, and prayed: then I knew the Angel of Life:

Vague, and dimly visible, mine eye could not behold him,  
As, calmly unimpassioned, he looked upon an erring creature:  
Unseen, my spirit apprehended him; though he spake not,  
yet I heard;

For a sympathetic communing with him flashed upon my mind electric.

Life is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers;  
Lightsome at commencement, but darkening to its end in a distant massy portal.

It beginneth as a little path, edged with the violet and primrose,

A little path of lawny grass, and soft to tiny feet:  
Soon spring thistles in the way, those early griefs of school,  
And fruit-trees ranged on either hand, now holiday delights;  
Anon the rose and the primrose hint at sensitive affection,  
And vipers hide among the grass, and briars are woven in the hedges:

Shortly, staked along in order, stand the tender saplings,  
While hollow hemlock and tall ferns fill the frequent interval;  
So advancing, quaintly mixed, majestic line the way  
Sturdy oaks, and vigorous elms, the beech and forest-pine:  
And here the road is rough with rocks, wide, and scant of herbage,

The sun is hot in heaven, and the ground is cleft and parched;  
And many times a hollow trunk, decayed or lightning scathed,  
Or, in its deadly solitude, the melancholy upas;  
But soon, with closer ranks, are set the sentinel trees,  
And darker shadows hover amongst Autumn's mellow tints:  
Ever and anon, a holly,—junipers, and cypresses, and yews;  
The soil is damp; the air is chill: night cometh on apace;  
Speed to the portal, traveller,—lo, there is a moon,  
With smiling light, to guide you safely through the dreadful shade!

Hark,—that hollow knock,—behold, the warder openeth,  
The gate is gaping, and for thee;—those are the jaws of Death!

KEEP silent, daughter of frivolity,—for Death is in that chamber!

Startle not with echoing sound the strangely solemn peace.  
Death is here in spirit, watcher of a marble corpse,—  
That eye is fixed, that heart is still,—how dreadful in its stillness!

Death, new tenant of the house, pervadeth all the fabric;  
He waiteth at the head, and he standeth at the feet, and hideth in the caverns of the breast:

O Death, what art thou? a lawgiver that never altereth,  
Fixing the consummating seal, whereby the deeds of life become established:

O Death, what art thou? husbandmen, that reapeth always,  
Out of season, as in season, with the sickle in his hand.

O Death, what art thou? the shadow unto every substance,  
In the bower as in the battle, haunting night and day: . . .

O Death, what art thou? strange and solemn alchemist,  
Elaborating life's elixir from these clayey crucibles:

O Death, what art thou? antitype of Nature's marvels,  
The seed and dormant chrysalis bursting into energy and glory.

Thou calm, safe anchorage for the shattered hulls of men,—  
Thou spot of gelid shade, after the hot-breathed desert, . . .

The dread is drowned in joy, the hope is filled with immortality  
—Pass along, pilgrim of life, go to thy grave unfearing,  
The terrors are but shadows now that haunt the vale of death.

GIRD up thy mind to contemplation, trembling inhabitant of earth:

Tenant of a hovel for a day,—thou art heir of the universe forever!

For, neither congealing of the grave, nor gulping waters of the firmament,

Nor expansive airs of heav'n, nor dissipative fires of Gehenna.  
Nor rust of rest, nor wear, nor waste, nor loss, nor chance, nor change,

Shall avail to quench or overwhelm the spark of soul within thee!

Thou art an imperishable leaf on the evergreen bay-tree of Existence;

A word from Wisdom's mouth, that cannot be unspoken;  
A ray of Love's own light; a drop in Mercy's sea;



A creature, marvelous and fearful, begotten by the fiat of Omnipotence.

I, that speak in weakness, and ye, that bear in charity,  
Shall not cease to live and feel, tho' flesh must see corruption;  
For the prison-gates of matter shall be broken, and the  
shackled soul go free,  
Free, for good or ill, to satisfy its appetite forever; . . .  
Forever,—happy fate, to ripen into perfectness—forever!

Tell me, ye that strive in vain to cramp and dwarf the soul,  
Wherefore should it cease to be, and when shall essence die?  
It is,—and therefore shall be,—till just obstacle opposeth:  
Show n<sup>o</sup> cause for change, and reason leaveth to continuance.  
The body verily shall change; this curious house we live in  
Never had continuing stay, but changeth every instant:  
But the spiritual tenant of the house abideth in unalterable  
consciousness.

He may fly to many lands, but cannot flee himself:  
The soil wherein ye drop the seed, by suns or rains may vary;  
But the seed is the same; and soul is the seed; and flesh  
but its anchorage on earth.

The machine may be broken, and rust corrode the springs;  
but can rust feed on motion?

Worms may batten on the brain; but can worms gnaw the  
mind?

Dynamics are, and dwell apart, though matter be not made:  
Spirit is, and can be separate, though a body were not:  
Power is one, be it lever, screw, or wedge; but it needeth  
these for illustration;

Mind is one, be it casual or ideal; but it is shown in these:  
The creature is constructed individual, for trial of his reason-  
able will,

Clay and soul, commingled wisely, mingled, not confused:  
As power is not in the spring, till somewhat give it action,  
So until spirit be infused, the organism lieth inergetic.

Or shalt thou say that mind is the delicate offspring of  
matter,

The bright consummate flower that must perish with its leaf?  
Go to: doth weight breed lightness? is freedom the atmos-  
phere of prisons?

When did the body elevate, expand, and bud the mind?  
Lo, a red-hot cinder flung from the furnaces of *Ætna*,—  
There is fire in that ash; but did the punice make it?

Nay, cold clod, never canst thou generate a flame,  
Nay, most exquisite machinery, nevermore elaborate a mind;

Rather do ye battle and contend, opposite the one to the  
other;

Till God shall stop the strife, and call the body colleague. . .  
Look to thy soul, O man, for none can be surety for his  
brother;

—Thou canst not escape from Immortality! . . . . .  
God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love in all He doeth.

—TUPPER.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

### PART VII.

[By spirit Patrick Henry, from the inner circle of the  
Spiritual Union, St. Louis. Given for Light in the West.]

Our message is now directed to the clergy  
of all denominations, in this country:—

You claim to be the spiritual teachers,  
the exponents of the divine law to human-  
ity. You are set apart for, and dedicated  
to that most sacred of all duties,—sacred  
because it deals directly with the mental,  
moral and spiritual nature of man. The  
influence which your teaching and lives  
must necessarily exercise upon those about  
you makes you in a great measure responsi-  
ble for the culture, right direction, and

development of these vital, eternal quali-  
ties in man and woman.

As shepherds of your flocks you are  
required to lead them to the proper food  
for mind, soul and spirit; to protect them  
from dangerous and pernicious tendencies;  
to point out errors and falsehoods, and be  
guardians over their welfare and peace;  
both as friends and teachers.

Your office demands that you inculcate  
the principles and truths which tend to  
increase the harmony and consequent hap-  
piness of your charge.

It is your duty, and an imperative one,  
that you be consistent in your life and  
practice, with the ideal set before you by  
your Master and the Law he gave to the  
world; to illustrate by your own life what  
you preach; to be a living example of  
your interior preception of, and obedience  
to them; a testimony of your entire soul-  
union and sympathy with the divine Spirit  
which filled him to overflowing, and should  
also inspire you through the very essen-  
tial and necessary spiritual relations with  
the Christ Spirit; so that it ought to reveal  
itself in all your thoughts, words and acts.

The principles involved in the Father-  
hood of God and the Brotherhood of Man  
must be your guide in your labors in the  
pulpit and the congregation.

Upon the full perception and constant  
practice of the duties arising out of that  
relationship rests the happiness or misery  
of humanity.

The law formulating these duties is:  
Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Obedience to that law is: Doing unto  
others as you wish that others should do  
unto you.

This is the only true, fundamental es-  
sence of a perfect worship of God, that  
you love one another. To—

. . . "let your love be the proof  
That your faith is right",  
And no idle dreaming your hope."

To substitute human opinions, dogmas,  
doctrines or ceremonies for that divine  
service is to give shadows for substance.  
To insist upon their acceptance through  
the agency of fear is spiritual tyranny.

To give them greater importance than  
the plain and simple rule, called the golden  
one, and the statutes of perfect love, by  
chancel sophistry and slippery logic, is a  
propagation of falsehood, a perpetration  
of fraud and imposition upon those whose  
ignorance, superstition or bigotry prevents  
them from detecting it.

With a comparatively very small excep-  
tion, considering the sum total of the

United States (we address our message to  
them particularly) this very serious charge  
is laid at their feet:

You know your duty and do it not.

Your mammonized, fashionable churches  
give the lie to your profession. (JAMES  
II: 113). Your high salaries and your  
fat livings are entirely at variance with  
the precepts and example of him whose  
servants you claim to be; who had not  
where to 'lay his head.' You permit  
yourselves to be called Reverends, Right  
Reverends; you wear the title of Doctor  
of Divinity (what folly) in direct disobedi-  
ence to your Master's directions. (MAT-  
THEW XVIII:9).

Some of you insist with fanatic zeal  
upon embodying a recognition of God in  
the constitution of the United States; a  
purely secular, legal and political docu-  
ment. The framers thereof thoroughly  
understood the evils and dangers arising  
out of the union of Church and State,  
through the history of other nations, and  
therefore wisely refused to sow the seed  
of contentions and perpetual frictions be-  
tween the two in the efforts to get the su-  
premary over the other, and they did so  
in compliance with the Nazarene's direc-  
tions and words:

"My Kingdom is not of this world."  
"Render into Cæsar what is Cæsar's."

It would be a fruitful cause of constant  
discord among the different sects, and  
gradually enable the strongest and richest  
to crush and whip out the weakest and  
poorest, to inaugurate again a state and  
condition of things, as existed in the mid-  
dle ages, wiping out every vestige of spir-  
ituality for the sake of ascendancy in  
power through material possessions, in  
full consonance with the *spirit of Mammon*.

We mean to show the people the  
slimy tracks of that serpent, which is  
crawling close at their heels; whether it  
masks itself in the garb of religion or any  
other disguise; even though it assumes  
the appearance of an angel of light and  
deceives the very elect.

Why do you shun the very ones who  
need you most? Why do you avoid the  
sin-sick, crime ridden, poverty-stricken  
brothers and sisters, whom pharisaical  
self-righteousness condemns and passes  
by for fear of defilement. What is your  
religion worth, if it does not make you  
sin-proof when your duty calls you to  
come in contact with them; or are you  
afraid that evil from them has more power  
over you, than the good you can do  
them? What says your Bible of this?—



*Perfect love casteth out fear.*

The rich need no help, but the poor; the healthy need no physician, but the sick; the wise need no instruction, but the foolish; the strong need no assistance, but the weak; nor need the righteous to be saved, but the sinner. It is these very ones who need your most persistent and earnest attention; it should be given freely, cheerfully and with earnest zeal. It is the real field of your labor. You need not go to foreign lands among savages to hunt for spiritual work, when it calls for your services all about you. This is better than visiting among the wealthy votaries of fashion, or lolling luxuriously about the parlors of the elite.

But there is neither money, honor, power or ease in such a kind of ministry; it requires self-denial of the severest kind; and hence Mammon has an easy task to win you entirely to his side. You prove recreant to your duties, betray your master whose law should be to you supreme, and let crime, ignorance and poverty grow in rank profusion where virtue, knowledge and plenty should bloom in fragrance, loveliness, and the smiles of happy prosperity and peace brighten each face, instead of the gloomy looks born of misery and want.

Were it not for the Mammon-serving hirelings the modern Pharisees and Scribes who thus disgrace and desecrate the highest and holiest office, that of spiritual ministry; were they to teach and practice and help others to obey the law of brotherly love and self-denial for others; assist them to realize and recognize the divine Spirit within them, to instruct them how to become true spiritual men and women instead of only believers and church members; not starve these hungry souls on the husks and garbage of theological theories, doctrinal opinions and stale, far-fetched speculations without sound logic; were they in place of all that, to confine themselves to the spirit instead of the letter of the plain but beautiful and wise lessons of the humble Nazarene, their congregations would not diminish, there would be less opposition to religion, less infidelity, more veneration for God and spiritual things.

This is the reason of their loss of confidence, respect of and their influence over the souls of men and women; their having become the servants of Mammon and the champions of so-called respectable and fashionable society, instead of being the inspired heralds and messengers of the

Christ-Spirit who dare to say to the richest and mightiest of men: Thou art the man who hast done this evil thing. You should be like your King and Master, Jesus, a friend and brother of the down-trodden brothers and sisters about you.

#### EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL.

BY E. P. GOODSELL.

If the words of Scripture, or holy writ, are proved to be scientifically, morally false, how can they be proved as having any just claim to observance by either woman or man? That she has been in all the past ages trammelled by its precepts, enforced by its pulpit teachers, there can be no room for doubt. Her inspiring voice has been hushed by the mere *ipse dixit* of the reputed author, Paul, while it is well known that he never wrote the sayings that have so unjustly and cruelly held her under their iron rule. No! He did not write those words, but ancient priests can tell, if they will, who did write them. And we hardly need to say, that it is the natural, unalienable right of every woman to reject with scorn and indignation the opinion of any writer or religious teacher, be he Greek, Roman, Buddhist or Egyptian,—the latter being the part of our world from whence the Christian Scriptures originated, and from whose inner temples the hieroglyphics were obtained by Apollonius and Damis, and out of which the name Jesus was made up. But through the combined efforts of both Roman and Pagan priests, the religion of the latter was supplanted in the home of its nativity. The returning spirit, Saint Ambrose, confesses that the "Acts of Pilate" were forged; consequently, he did not condemn one Jesus to the cross—

"We changed the Empire from Paganism to Christianity, and through our power in the Church, have governed and still govern the Christian world."

O! my sisters, let me adjure you with all the solemnity of truthfulness to the cause of humanity, a sense of duty to you whom I have never yet seen; be vigilant and determined in casting off from yourselves this foul plot against your birthright to freedom, so sadly interfered with through the long-time promulgation of this Pagan-Roman yoke of bondage.

You are under no obligation to observe, to do, or to not do any of the commands of either of these systems of your own and the world's enslavement.

But, on the other hand, duty to yourselves and the world at large requires untrammelled thought and free expression of it.

The God that you worship has never been such a tyrant as has been represented—has never forbidden the free use of your powers of thought, reason, inspiration. While you are under these unnatural and cruel restraints of bigotry to suppress the promptings of a call to duty, the priesthood gloat over the fact of their own continued rule of subjection, and

the world of mortal life suffers thereby.

No such power as is claimed was ever conferred upon any class of men, but it has been usurped by them. Hence it is of no binding force, nor can it be in all coming mortal life on earth; and when you break these bonds to the tyrants, the light of true freedom of woman will be manifest.

As it is true these chains for her oppression were in secret chambers forged for woman's enslavement, they ought to be burst asunder, and it does not devolve upon her to carefully revise the Scriptural texts of such tyranny. The God of the universe is a lover of freedom for all His children, to do right, to express thought, to let the light of truth shine in our benighted world. More anon.

#### A COMMUNICATION.\*

Many questions have been asked the spirits by new comers who inquire: Where is God? Where is Heaven, that home beyond? Can any one here tell? Not on earth, not in hell, not in spirit, not in sin;—where must we find Him? First begin, God is a ruling spirit, a responsive voice. He speaks, and holds communion with each loving disciple daily, not in form of man, but with His power. He impresses His guardian angels, or spirits, to return to those whom they love and impress them of the bright land above. God is every where in spirit.

Why has God given us the spiritual knowledge and not the rest? Ah, He has made our forms and qualified our strength sufficient to receive and develope knowledge and truth. This explains how instinct teaches us to prepare for the gloomy Autumn, and to lay away grain and sheaves for the ignorant mortals or beings on earth. The helpless beasts, although more free from sin than man, still have no soul; but they do exist after they have been slain or slaughtered. They may seem dead; but spiritually they go on; they strengthen and assist to develope beings which are left behind, so they exist in development, through those who receive strength from their fragments.

After the shrub or tree is gone, and its bark scales away, we speak of it as dead, but it is not; it is just going through a course of natural changing from one thing to another. It has given as a shrub to its vitality that it was allowed to discharge. So it falls, fades, and decays by degrees; there it forms itself to mellow dust, where insects of all descriptions gather strength from the mould and decay of its fragments. Soon there is nothing left; that shrub or tree is forgotten,—but wait! How many vegetated shrubs or trees have been strengthened and brought up from its spiritual decay, from its adulterated development to a finer degree.

So the spirit of our God must be there or these developments could not be brought out.

\* In answer to a sealed question, delivered through the mediumship of Geo. V. Cordingley, by my spirit guides.  
MILTON LYLE.



Many of the living ones will say it is natural for the tree to decay—it is natural for rain, or moisture, to bring rot, or decay, to all things. In one way I agree it is; but is it natural, or nature, for rain to come without an agent of a higher order, or Supreme Intelligence? If so, why does it not rain all the time? Pause! This shows that God is there, and He by His knowledge sees what is necessary to develop by desires or intentions, and no other agent could have this life or earth to develop otherwise. And as the world has existed for many years, through an unknown spiritual agent, regarded as a God, all communities, all orthodox, all sinners, know that there is an outside and Supreme Governor beyond. They call Him God; why should not that name answer as well as any other? But man, listen; you must express yourself, for many Gods have there been,—what God do you regard of all these Gods? I have selected mine, chosen by the spirit knowledge beyond. He, the Supreme king, He the supreme prophet of all, He who is not in man form, nor beast, but throws each spiritual knowledge or power to its better quality, as the tree, the fish, the fowl, and the small insect, and quartz and country all. He has divided each spiritual power through its own form, or to its own family, excepting man. There he divides no powers at all, there we receive the benefit of all spiritual power that exists, from the smallest insect to the greatest beast or animal.

This explains why we are the strongest and most intellectual while on earth. Now with our Gods we will wait until our judgment is given, then who will our God be,—none knows on earth, none knows in heaven.

A Question: Why do not the ones beyond know who their God should be? There we will explain, at the resurrection or judgment. We have all read the Bible on earth, we believed and tried to live up to its teachings. Many believe that when the judgment is called on the day of resurrection, that they with bones and flesh, will rise to their Gods and there stand face to face. Ah! know this: I'll explain: our God unseen who has been divided in divine things and qualities for years and years, will withdraw all spiritual things from those, such as the beast, tree, shrub, and fish and other wholesome things and then materialize his strength to man form, as man, or one.

Then with the sounding sound of the trumpet that may, as has been spoken of, sound—each spirit to its own sphere shall ascend, then our God shall judge us according to our deeds on earth, and reward us for our work beyond. Many of us will remain on our same footing, and many advance to spheres beyond. There are seven spheres in all, and each sphere contains nine classes, for the workers who dwell beyond.

Where is Heaven, I have heard it asked time and time again. Man, heaven is everywhere; you make your heaven, you make your hell. Heaven is with God, and God is

everywhere. What is heaven? A place of contentment, a time of rejoicing, a moment of rest. Heaven can be found in the darkest hell on earth, in the darkest hovel that ever existed, in the far wilderness, on the broad ocean. Heaven, Heaven! such sweet thoughts has it given; but where there is God, there surely must be heaven, so readers and listeners believe what we say, that heaven is on earth and not miles away! So God and good spirits must be here to impress your intellect and knowledge so true, and to teach you that spirits are ever striving to control and impress and explain to you the beauties of the land of rest beyond.

#### SPIRIT MESSAGE.

A communication relative to the birth of a NEW PLANET, now comparatively near at hand.

Thursday, April 22nd, 1875.—My beloved associate in the pilgrimage of inevitable destiny, and expansion of divine and immaculate faculties:

I welcome you to the halls of spiritual investigation and observation, which we your heavenly friends have long before you enjoyed, and desired to proffer, and open to you, as our willing pupil of those solar phenomena which you have often desired to study with scientific accuracy and certain effect, for that superior use which you contemplate, and which you are amply endowed to entertain and exercise.

I am your friend indeed and desire to declare in your favor and to assist you whenever you seek my aid, instruction or influence.

I have been the companion of whoever has desired my friendship and advantages, since I left the world of my earlier investigations, and of the gentleman\* also of whom you ask. I will give you a few lines, which I would be willing you should send to him, (the writer) as my authority as your friend and his companion in those solar and stellar studies. I can give you an outline sketch only,—in the brevity which you solicit,—of the movement of the sun toward the parturition of a new world and its attendant sufferings and purifications. In the first place let me advise you that the Being in whom and of whom are all things of this particular solar company, of which we are human members, and co-partnered associates, is about to preside at a feast whose invited guests are not numbered of this (solar) system only, but will be gathered in,—to witness and participate in the shooting forth of this new fruit from the parent stem into the vast field of light and summery heat prepared to involve and receive and nourish it in its advent,—from the most distant points of acquaintance and relationship.

He will not be alone in the awful undertaking, which will precipitate so much of terror into the very souls of those who are not prepared for so unlooked for an occurrence. not-

\* Referring to the transcriber, with whom the medium had had a prior conversation on this subject.

withstanding all the admonitions advanced long ago, to urge every willing listener to be ready to welcome it. In that hour when all things are ready for so vast an ingathering, and so holy and royal a supper, the powers of heaven will be shaken by those well able to say: Thus far and no farther. And, in all the grandeur of the most scientific exactitude—embodied in the very bosoms of that host so august and so worthy—the event will take place; without one atom of dissension, or one error of evolution. And the young world will be ushered into its orbit from the midst of the accompanying sons of heaven who are its parentage, its gods, and demi-gods, amid the huzzas and acclamations of that numerous assemblage, gathered to witness and assist in the midwifery of the heavenly mother—sun—from which your earth was once similarly born and chronicled.—Continued—

#### FIRST SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.

The association met as usual at Barchrs' Hall, at 7.30 P. M., for lectures. The first half hour was occupied by Prof. Pfuhl in his lecture on Insanity. He gave some excellent advice on the subject, and claimed that a large number of those who were shut up in "dens of misery" for that cause should be taken out and treated kindly in the open air. He advanced some new ideas which set more of our people to thinking. Mr. Priegel followed for half an hour with one of his excellent talks on Spiritualism, and was listened to with attention.

The business meeting followed, at which the trustees were instructed to secure a larger hall for the society, and give notice of the same.

Mr. Tompson, the secretary, on account of leaving the city to attend law school, handed in his resignation which was reluctantly accepted. Mrs. E. H. Trussel was unanimously elected to fill the place.

The committee on Hall having secured Paragon Hall, cor. 7th and Olive, the association met there Sunday afternoon, Oct. 3rd. At 3 o'clock the president called the society to order and introduced Mr. Priegel who spoke earnestly on the necessity of organization. Mr. Priegel was followed by Dr. Clark whose stirring speech made every member present feel, that now is the time for every Spiritualist in St. Louis to put his shoulder to the wheel, and help to push the car of progress along until our Association shall stand abreast of the flourishing Spiritual associations of other cities. The society is now fully organized, and the reports of the different committees promise many good things for the future. Dr. Clark will speak before the association Sunday, October 10th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.



The society is permanently located at Paragon Hall, and will continue to meet every Sunday. Lyceum and musical exercises will commence at one o'clock and Lecture at 3 o'clock, P. M. until further notice. All are cordially invited.

MRS. E. H. TRUSSEL, Secy.

#### A CALL TO ACTION.

Headquarters of the Iowa Medical Liberty League, Des Moines, Iowa.

GREETING: The Examining Board "have (arbitrarily) decided that they should not issue certificates to physicians on evidence of five years or over of practice," and this outrageous decision is sustained by Attorney General Baker. This estops, Jan. 1st, all "who shall publicly profess to cure or heal, by any means whatsoever," that have not a diploma. To arouse the people, devise ways and provide means to protect their constitutional and natural rights to cure or be cured by any "means whatsoever," and our business interest, a convention is hereby called to meet at Des Moines Tuesday, November 16th, '86, at 2 p. m. to be followed at night by a mass indignation meeting of all who favor constitutional liberty, equal justice and oppose medical monopoly. Undiplomatized doctors, and "all who publicly profess to cure or heal by any means whatsoever" are especially and earnestly urged to attend. Those who can't come to *devise ways* should contribute *means*, five dollars or more, to be used as the united wisdom of this convention may suggest. Those interested should see that this call is promptly published in their county papers.

Unitedly we shall defeat the tyrannical ruling of this Board of Bigots; individually we shall fail. Come, or send a monetary substitute, by draft, registered letter or postal note to Perry Engle, M. D., Pres., Newton, Iowa, or J. Winfield Scott, Cor. Sec., 225 4th St., Des Moines, Ia.

#### BOOK AND OTHER NOTICES.

##### A COMMITTEE OF ONE.

After considerable reflection, and a summation of matters referred to in an other column we have decided to ask every subscriber of *LIGHT IN THE WEST* to please constitute a committee of one for the purpose of securing one or more new subscribers during the months of October and November. If you will do so we will on our part promise, that if by such means and by the first of December our subscription list is doubled from what it now is we will not increase the subscription price for the year 1887 unless that during that time we increase the size of the paper. Is not this a commendable enterprise? Surely there are hundreds who could with very little effort in their home circles and among their friends secure several new

names for us. KIND READER, WE MEAN YOU. Give this matter a few good, but *energetic* thoughts, and see if it does not vivify a *good wish* into a good *resolution* and quicken that forward to at least a little effective work, which will certainly secure one or more new subscribers. We offer you a plan now by which you can help us to keep the price of the paper low. WILL YOU DO IT?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Oct. 5th, 1886.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

DEAR BROTHER: Your issue No. 24 contains a reply, "Who is Justitia," to mine of previous date. It is rather a queer caption for such an article. "Who is Justitia." The pot calls the kettle black—Who is "B."? Now all I ask is to be treated fairly and to have the privilege of a reply. I wrote criticising B's article. He has been given space for a reply to me. Now, I claim place for a rejoinder; then I shall have nothing more to say, for I feel with you, Mr. Editor, that such personal controversies are almost universally unprofitable. Yours Truly, Justitia.

In justice, and on the principle of fairness we suppose Justitia is entitled to a reply, as he has had but one, and then there will be no more, as both have now promised to quit.—ED.

We invite attention to the advertisement of Fred. A. Heath, on another page. This well known medium, though blind from birth, has by honest industry succeeded in life,—an example for others, we opine.

The *Monthly Magnet*, the organ of the Iowa Medical Liberal League, is a 24 page magazine,—\$1 per year, sample copy 5 cents—published at Des Moines, Iowa. It claims that "Disease is abnormal, unnatural, sinful and avoidable." It demands, that "Medical monopoly immediately and forever cease." We take from its columns, "A Call to Action," which see in another column. In this movement all should consider themselves especially interested.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Some time ago we announced that up to September first we would take subscriptions for "*Light in the West*" at the rate of one dollar per annum. Our friends have been so industrious and successful in securing names that we have decided to lengthen the time and now announce that the price will remain at ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE to all subscribers who *subscribe and pay in advance*, before December 1st, 1886.

#### DIRECTORY COLUMN.

This column will be prominent and kept near to reading matter for purpose of making it a *READY REFERENCE* where persons can have their Name Address and short notice of business. Each Card will have space of one-half inch uniformly set in small type with the name only displayed *Ra'es*: One-half inch inserted one time for \$1 50 six times \$6 00, 12 times \$10 00, one year \$15 00 payable monthly or quarterly in advance.

Address or send draft on St. Louis, New York or Postal Note, Post Office order, or small amounts in Registered letter.

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**Cordingley, Geo. V.** independent Slate Writer, holds daily and nightly seances at his home, 1604 Pine St.; also teaches developing classes every day and evening.

**Hostetter, Thos.** No. 2125 Olive St. St. Louis Mo. Magnetic. Treats diseases with great success, using no medicine.—see advertisement in this paper.

**McGindley, Mrs. M. L.** Mandan, D. T. Clairvoyant and Business Medium. Six questions answered for \$1. Life Horoscope sent for \$2. satisfaction guaranteed

**Mellon, John S.** 710 Olive Street., St. Louis has for sale lands in Missouri, Arkansas and Texas. Also agent for the St. Louis Wire Steam Washer

**Tayer, Mrs. M. B.** 323 West 34th st., New York City. Seance every Thursday eve. Manifestation of flowers. Independent Slate Writing.

**Thomas, Dr. R. M.** Cardington, Ohio, Manufacturer of Electro Magnetic Battery and Supporter combined, for either sex. Prices \$10 & \$12. See ad. in this paper.

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Again we must refer to terms and say that the subscription price will remain until

##### DECEMBER 1st at ONE DOLLAR

per year in advance but we will not send the paper to any person without payment in advance unless with a distinct understanding as to terms of payment—\$2.00 if not in advance and we will not send it longer than the time paid for unless requested to do so at the above rates. The date with the address on the wrapper shows the subscriber when the time paid for is to expire.

##### SPECIMEN COPIES.

We will send a specimen copy to any one and will take it as a favor to have lists of names with addresses sent to us. Any person so receiving the paper will please accept it as an invitation to send along the dollar and try us a year.

##### CLUB RATES.

We are asked about this and here again we respond and say that to any one who sends us *seven dollars and fifty cents* before December 1st. we will send Ten Copies, one year to any addresses he may order, including his own. There are hundreds of circles in which a person with a little effort could secure the required number of names in an evening. Who will try? Send us the names you want specimen copies sent to and we will help you. Now since the paper is to be a weekly, there is no paper that offers such inducements for and which subscriptions can be had readily.

From this time on the paper will be printed so as to reach most of our subscribers in the large cities by each Saturday morning mail. Any who do not get their paper regularly will do us a favor by writing us a letter or a postal card at once, stating what is wanted.

##### ACCEPT THIS OFFER.

Mrs. H. N. Read, the well known medical clairvoyant, formerly of N. Y. City, is now located at No. 16 N. Ada St., Chicago, Ill. Any persons sending her three 2 ct. stamps, lock of hair, age, sex and leading symptom, will receive a diagnosis of their disease free.



**ADVERTISERS** or others, who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency of **LORD & THOMAS.**

## FRED A. HEATH

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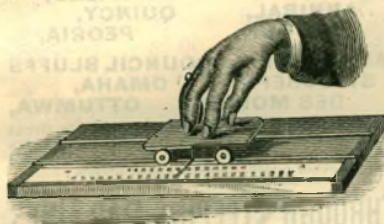
will give readings by letter, giving future business prospects and other items of interest. Send 25 cents, lock of hair and stamp. Address 27 Lawrence street, Charlestown, Mass.

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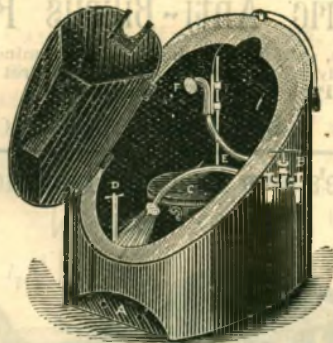
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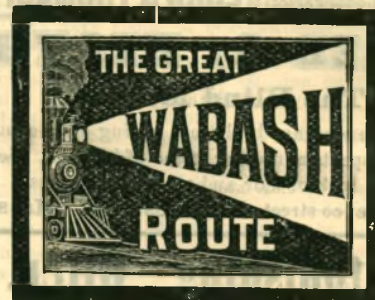
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